

Green Book

1942





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GREEN BOOK

13765

FOREWORD

SO THAT YOU, TOO, may share with us our memories of the past, our joys of the present and our hopes for the future, we, the freshman class of 1942 have prepared this book.

EDITORIAL

College is a great place. There a student learns for himself many of the things his parents vainly tried to teach him when he was at home.

When we registered last September as freshmen, little did we realize what lay before us. Perhaps if we had known then how much effort and perseverance would be required before we completed the year, we might not have had such confidence. But now as we look back we feel that we have already been repaid many times for everything that we have put into this first year of college.

Life seems different to us because we can see more of it and can understand it better. When our professors say that we as Freshman are adults and should conduct ourselves accordingly, they are merely indulging in wishful thinking, for in reality many of us are just in the process of becoming adult. Not for all of us, but for many, college life has been the first real test of our self reliance. For the first time we have been cast into the sea to sink or swim. We who have survived feel a certain pleasure in being overcomers, but some have failed. That makes us realize that we could fail, too.

Then we have met the steady grind of life which can so dull a man's soul that he forgets about music and love and God, and can see only a monotonous job, three meals, and a bed. If we don't become one-tracked in our thinking we may come out gems. If one is cutting a diamond, he turns it on many sides. To grind it one side only would in the end wear away the stone completely. Grinding is necessary to produce gems, but the process hurts.

Last fall many of us were so impressed by one outstanding Christian or another that we subconsciously thought he was perfect too. But as we became better acquainted we discovered faults in them and they no doubt did in us. And although we know these faults are from a lack of thought and understanding, and we realize that at heart these people are sincere and genuine, nevertheless we feel a sense of disappointment. Our rosy ideals have been smashed.

This, however, teaches us not to look at people but to follow Christ, the perfect ideal. God uses such imperfect creatures as men to do His work here on earth. As we know people better, we get a better idea of His love and patience.

Perhaps at the end of this year we can appreciate the mood of the Wedding-Guest in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner:"

"A sadder and a wiser man

He rose the morrow morn."

No doubt we're wiser; we should be sadder. We may be disappointed with the world but we are not disillusioned. Rather we realize more than ever that Christianity and Right and Truth are lasting and real. We see that our task is to preach to this suffering world the gospel of Jesus Christ.



DEDICATION

When a freshman first comes to E. N. C., he is at once impressed by the beauty of the campus. After he has been graduated from the college, although other memories may fade, pictures of familiar campus spots will linger. To the man who plans for the landscaping and directs its care, the Rhetoric classes dedicate this 1942 edition of the Greenbook--Professor W. J. Verner Babcock.



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THEMES



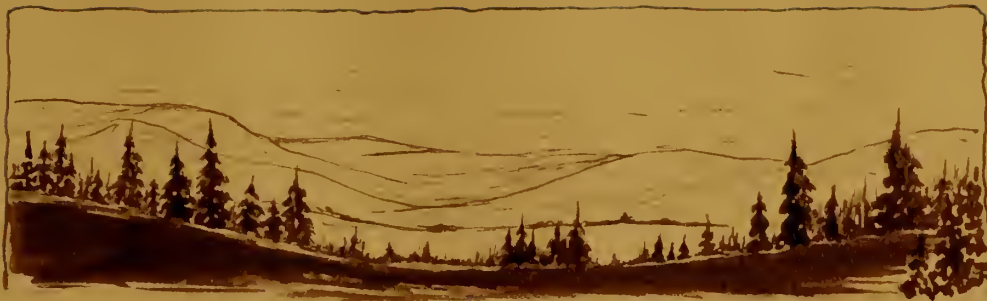
WORDS ARE LIKE CLOTHES

"Words are the dress of thoughts; which should no more be presented in rags, tatters, and dirt, than your person should."

--Lord Chesterfield

Words are like clothes. By putting the right words together one forms a pattern. Words may be an eighteenth century suit--out-of-date and odd. A well formed pattern of words shows the master tailor's touch by being clever and expert. Too colorful adjectives, like gaudy clothes, are showy. Verbs may be passive old socks badly in need of mending, or may show action like the farmer's dusty overalls. Women's hats are pronouns because they never seem to agree. Nouns are kingly robes, for they tell you in a minute what they are. Conjunctions form the stitching in clothes because they do the connecting between the different parts of a sentence. Some words and phrases are old clothes; both are worn out and new ones are needed. The suffix and prefix may be likened to the buttons on clothes--only a small part but they may change the style, just as a prefix or suffix may change the meaning of a word. Different words suit different occasions, but both clothes and words are used to cover the subject.

Jack Maybury



A GLIMPSE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

"High mountains are a feeling, but the hum of human cities torture."

--Byron

About one hundred and fifty miles from Boston is located the famous and beautiful White Mountain National Forest. It was my privilege to take a trip to these mountains last summer.

An outstanding memory is the "Old Man of the Mountain," mentioned in the famous Hawthorne story. A symbol of the grandeur and constancy of nature, the mighty rock outlined against the sky typifies New England life of our forefathers and the Indians before them. It is a marvelous sight to see, that high sheer cliff, and then the jagged protruding rocks that form the man. We passed Sugar Loaf Mountain and Twin Mountain, and finally came to the foot of Mount Washington. There before my eyes stood the very thing I had always hoped and longed to see. What a monument of beauty and grace and grandeur I beheld. When I thought on it, my soul was thrilled to think that the God who created and placed that sturdy old Mountain there cared for even me.

As we continued on our way through some more of the

hills of old New Hampshire, my soul and body were thoroughly cleansed that one afternoon from the old city life. All my dreaded anxieties left me and I was renewed and refreshed to face a hard year of work and study.

On our way back we stopped to see Cannon Mountain, towering up before us like some giant about to fall upon us and grind us to powder.

The air is so pure that one can almost taste its freshness. Then there is the smell of pine. The scent is invigorating and uplifting. Why is the world content to spend its life in a cold and crowded city, when out beyond is God's own open country of beauty and purity? Why breathe stale and dead air when we can take into our lungs the freshness of the open country?

After seeing all this and more, I came back to the hot and uninviting city.

Mary G. Coffin



MY HOME

"But what on earth is half so dear--

So longed for--as the hearth of home?"

--Emily Bronte

If I should say, "I haven't been home for eight years," my family and friends would, no doubt, fear for either my mental or my moral completeness. As a matter of fact, I have never been away from my family for a period longer than eight months. Still, I shall say in all sincerity, "I haven't been home for eight years."

My home was situated among the hills and valleys of Vermont. I say "was" situated because, although the house has not been destroyed, for me it no longer exists. What I call "home" is merely a memory of former days--a dream of what might have been. In place of my home now stands a semi-modern structure which is said to be the old home remodeled, but which I find utterly strange.

My home, seven miles from Montpelier, the state capitol, could be reached by following from Barre City a wide, dusty road or a narrow, still dustier road into the country. The old homestead was about thirty yards from the road and approachable in either direction by drives which, with the road, cut a triangle in the spacious lawn. The barns may have been painted before my time, but I saw them as dull-looking, weather-beaten structures.

In contrast, the house was beautiful--large, white, and rather squatty. The real glory of the exterior was the front door, designed in the Doric style, graced by lilac bushes on each side, built of wide panels finished with brass fittings.

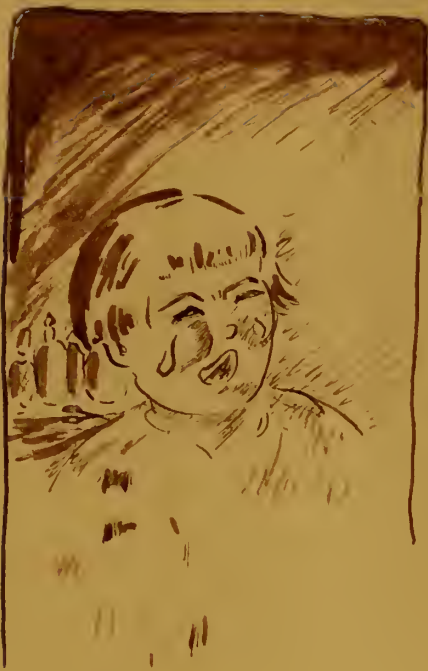
The only flowers besides lilacs near the house were sweet-peas and old-fashioned pinks. In back of the house stretched the fields, seventy acres of gently-rolling farm lands.

The kitchen was large; the wall, papered; the floor, linoleum-covered. Was it six or seven times a day that I bumped my shins on the oven door of the huge wood range? The living room was rectangular, with a ceiling covered with ornamental metal. I remember particularly a large chest of drawers--little drawers, middle-sized drawers, big drawers. The three big drawers, in the bottom row, contained unmended stockings, rug rags, and children's toys. The room was heated by a register from the furnace. Between the parlour and the ultra-special guest room, a lady was said to have dropped dead for apparently no reason at all. Naturally, her ghost hovered near by.

My playroom was a veritable paradise of dolls, their accessories, and old clothes. How I loved to "dress up." The dark, dark hallway at the top of the short staircase contained one corner which I would, to this day, pass quickly, not daring to breathe. Such fear is the effect of childish fancy, which, after all, is half the glory of being young.

Someday, but not in this world, I might return to my home and find it as it was when "every common sight to me did seem apparelled in celestial light."

Louise Brown



HAIRCUTS

"Not my hair!" made the girl her mean--

"Leave my poor gold hair alone!"

--Browning

A source of great irritation and many tears was my hair style when I was a little girl. Mother and I had different ideas as to how I should wear my hair. Mother liked it short; I wanted it long. I wanted to part my hair on the side; Mother wanted it parted in the middle. Mother thought bangs were cute; I thought they were hideous. Mother liked it shingled; I hated it. But of course Mother had her way and I wore my hair very short, barely to the tip of my ears, parted in the middle with bangs that came halfway down my forehead, and shingled in the back.

Now, my mother is a very remarkable person. She can do almost anything. She can cook, sew, wash, iron, chop wood, build fires, keep house, repair furniture, paint the walls. But one thing she is not, never has been, and never will be--a good substitute for a barber.

I'll never forget the time that she gave me a hair cut. It was a few days before pay day and Mother never has money a

few days before pay day. Rather than have the barber cut my hair and pay him later, she decided to trim it herself.

She wasn't nervous and I sat very still, I'm sure. But somehow she had left one little strand longer than the rest and had to cut it off. Then she found another one a little bit longer than the rest and snipped it off with her scissors. She viewed her handiwork but it didn't suit her. It was still uneven and just one more round would even it up. So she started again. But Mother didn't finish the job. When she had cut my hair almost to the top of my ears and still it was uneven, she thought she had better stop. That's what I had been thinking ever since she started. My head always felt kind of bare after a hair-cut; but after this trimming, it felt positively naked.

Mother sent me to the barber to get it cut right. But there was very little he could do. He told me to tell my mother to do her work but to leave such jobs as this for him to do. I don't know whether he was amused or exasperated at seeing what Mother had done to me.

My hair grew to its usual length in a little while. Mother never gave me another hair-cut. Nobody cuts my hair now unless I am sure he knows how to do it.

Elizabeth Ennis



ATTENDING CHURCH

"Let us worship God."

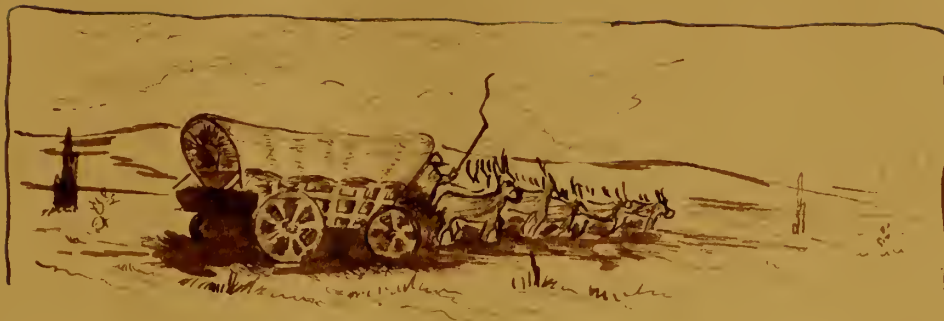
--Burns

I sometimes wonder if we "attend" church when we go to the place of worship, or whether we "go" to church. It is very interesting to sit in the choir loft on Sabbath morning and watch the faces of those who are in the congregation. Some of the people are there to make out a schedule for the coming week, while others are there for the purpose of worshipping God and drawing closer to Him.

My conviction concerning church attendance is that if we cannot come to the House of God with the purpose of worshipping Him, we might as well stay at home in our soft, warm beds. Sometimes we do not reverence the House of God or use it as He would have us do, thereby grieving Him. We may be unconscious of our attitude, but nevertheless we must be careful when we come in contact with the sacred things of God.

Can we remain in a state of grace and have the blessing of God upon us unless we meditate upon Him and His will when we attend His House?

Cassandra Swinhoe



TWENTY MULE TEAM

"O wilderness of drifting sands, O lonely caravan!"

--D. Ross and A. Coates

To most of us, Twenty Mule Team means no more than another name or brand attached to some by-product of the borax industry, but in the development of the West it has an interesting historical background.

When I see this brand on an article, it suggests a vivid picture of a period more than half a century ago. It seems as though I am looking far out over the vast expanse of a portion of the Great American Desert, Death Valley, the worst death trap to the early western immigrant.

For a few moments nothing but dry, alkaline, sandy, lifeless landscape presents itself; but as my gaze travels over this desolate waste of sand and shimmering heat waves, I discover a tiny smudge of dust on the horizon. As I watch, it grows larger and I realize that some living thing is moving in my direction.

I can dimly discern within the approaching dust cloud a number of strings of fly-like, moving creatures. It is a caravan coming across the valley. The foremost string proves to be a twenty-mule, jerkline team hitched to two huge, lumbering freight

wagons coupled together in tandem and each loaded with borax.

On the high seat of the front wagon of each outfit (for all prove to be alike) sits a dusty, bearded, tobacco chewing, swearing mule skinner with a long coiled whip in one hand and his jerkline in the other.

Borax is also found in several other desert wastes of the western country. Although this land seemed worthless and God-forsaken to the early settler, it has proved to be a valuable asset to industry. Millions of dollars worth have been lost and acquired in Death Valley alone. Other men, as well as the old mule skimmers, have suffered torture and death for the sake of the borax industry.

The twenty-mule jerkline team itself has become almost legendary, although there are still a few in existence. If Ed Birmingham, an aged mule skinner and teamster residing near Paso Rables, California, is still living and able, he nitches up his old team of jerkline mules once a year and leads the Pioneer Day at Paso Rables.

Many are the stories told by the old mule skinner. He likes to tell of the dust storms, the heat, the hardship and suffering he has experienced on his numerous trips. He likes to tell of the races he has had with other mule skimmers hauling borax out of the desert. He likes to brag about the ability of his team of mules and the size of the load they could pull.

"Twenty-Mule Team" is more than a name to a Westerner, for it holds a fond place in his heart, as one of the very important accomplishments in the making of the West.

Harvey P. Amos



ALARM CLOCKS

"'You have waked me too soon, I must
slumber again.'"

--Isaac Watts

The inventor of the alarm clock did not realize the pain he was to cause all future generations from his time to the present. Whoever this brilliant personage was, he would indeed be surprised to discover how universal his invention has become, and how men have utterly failed in their efforts to save mankind from this uncalled-for brainchild of a diabolical mind.

The first alarm clock was probably a crude affair, designed solely for the purpose of awakening a tired sleeper at an unearthly hour. The jangle of the bell must have served as admirably then to awaken its intended victim--and the entire household as well--as does its modernized and streamlined counterpart of today. The old adage, "You can't tell a book by its cover," certainly holds true for today's clocks. Despite all that modern designists may do to improve the appearance of the clock, the evil is still hidden inside ready to strike uncerimoniously when the hour has come.

For the ladies, a small clock in dainty boudoir colors has been devised. When one of our feminine friends decides to retire, she sets the clock and goes off into a sweet sleep with the happy

thought that here, at last, is something new--something that will awaken her gently, quietly, and with least resistance. Day dawns. A faint click is heard from the clock; then, a tinkle like that of a music box. A dainty hand stirs, but the musical clock has not yet succeeded. Trying a little bit harder and a little bit louder each time, the clock keeps up the musical tones, stopping at measured intervals. Still there is silence from the sleeper. When the soothing tones have lulled our fair lady back into a semi-conscious state instead of awakening her, according to the inventor's theory, to listen to the beautiful melody, the alarm rings, loud and insistently, much to the surprise and chagrin of its victim.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Early Risers has not been able to perfect any device for the masculine world. Some bright member, however, reasoned that the tick of a clock could be loud enough in itself to awaken the sleeper. Consequently, we have on the market clocks with an extra loud tick, guaranteed to awaken one in the morning, and guaranteed, I might add, to keep one awake all night.

Being a member of the group opposed to alarm clocks, I propose that they be dispensed with entirely. We need be slaves to this mechanical master only of our own volition, and we can just as voluntarily take off our yoke of bondage. Why must we suffer the noisy intruder each morning, as he suddenly explodes with all the energy he has collected during the night? A slowly degrading people we seem to be, to allow a mere mechanical monster to spoil an otherwise good morning. However, until the time we can find a more satisfactory method for starting the

day, we must obey his commands. Until such time, though,
I will endure a rude awakening each morning at six-thirty
o'clock, roll over, and sleep until seven.

Ellen Park



POETRY

"Words are rather the drowsy part
of poetry; imagination the life
of it."

--Owen Felltham

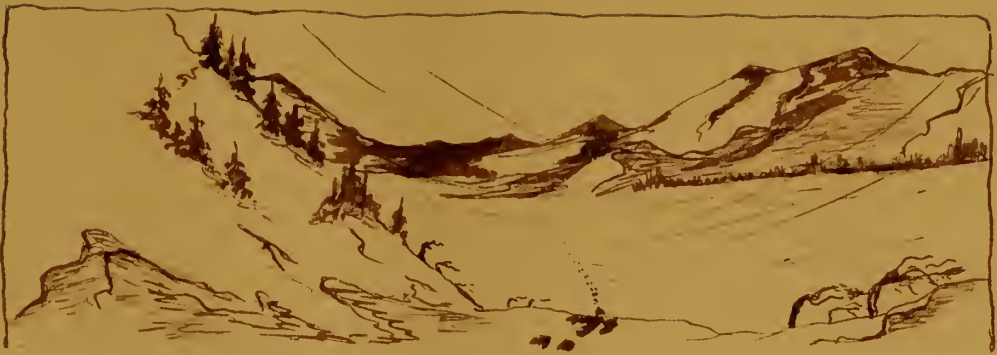
My favorite poem? I have none. How can I have a favorite poem when so many master minds and dreamers express my thoughts more clearly and infinitely more beautifully than I can think them? When I am happy, I like a happy poem, singing, like children's laughter; when I am pensive, I like a quiet poem, sighing, like wind through maple trees on Sunday evening.

Poems are like friends. The better you know them, the more you like them. Only after reading Wordsworth's Lines over and over again did I have the faintest glimpse of its deep meaning:

--I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm."

I see the picture and hear the sound intended by the poet. I also see a flowing stream--quiet, shady, cool. I think of a great soul like Abraham Lincoln--pure, strong, deep--infinitely deep.

Louise Brown



CARIBOU VALLEY

"Cold autumn, wan with wrath of wind and rain."

--A. C. Swinburne

As we entered Caribou Valley, we were awed by the loneliness and silence. The sun, having failed to warm the late October afternoon, had slipped behind a range of mountains unknown to us. When we stopped walking in the two inches of sticky wet snow, our feet became as numb and cold as Satan's heart. Dead, dry, grayish-white stumps dotted the valley like tombstones and indicated that it had at one time been flooded. This theory was substantiated by an old log dam, long since useless, and now moulding and decaying. The sentinel-like framework of the dam standing perhaps twenty feet high, the faint moaning of the wind through the ancient stairways, and the swishing of the dry marsh grass produced a solemn, almost ghostly atmosphere.

Night came on so fast that we could not find a suitable place to camp for the night. We had to build our fire on the steep rocky bank between one end of the dam and the heavy fir growth on the top of the bank. It is doubtful that a forest fire could have driven back the cold that night. The wind

did not blow hard or in great gusts. There was instead a very easy breeze, but it crept down through the valley to our camp as relentless as Old Man Time himself. That breeze struck icy daggers into our very marrow. To warm our backs we had to freeze our faces. Our heavy blankets seemed no warmer than thin sheets. That night was torture.

When what seemed like years had passed, the dull grey dawn began to break. We had hoped for sunshine and warmth; rain and sleet came instead. The rain froze onto blankets, guns, food, dishes, camera lenses, clothing, and everything else that we had with us.

What we had expected to find in Caribou Valley was a delightful paradise. We had imagined soft bough beds, a warm camp fire, tasty beans, steaming corn beef, and crusty toast and jam. We had intended to live in luxury.

We found sleet, cold, misery, hunger, sleeplessness, and wretchedness.

When we go back to Caribou Valley, we shall go in June. We shall take a roll of mosquito netting, a pint of fly repellent, and a pound of black fly salve in addition to our regular equipment. Then, and then only, will Caribou Valley be the paradise which we had supposed it was.

Vernon Jordan



THE DENTIST

"...comfort...to be out of the dentist's hands."

--Emerson

The Dentist is a peculiar creature who patters about in his tiny, incommensurable office and does as much as possible to set you off your equilibrium for the day. Imagine anyone's wanting to be a dentist, whose sole aim in life must be to bring as much pain and misery into people's lives as he can.

Take his waiting room, for instance. As you enter you are impressed with its gloomy despair. The honorable doctor of dental surgery must certainly be a venerable man to have such old, dingy furniture. In the bookcase at one side are ponderous tomes full of all the discoverable knowledge about teeth. Of course, there is always Gray's Anatomy. Mr. Gray must indeed have had an interesting anatomy since such a large book was necessary for its description. A little toy is always provided for playful children. (I have never seen a child playful when near the Dentist.) There is a table with magazines, inevitably a month old, in careful disarray. Above this you may be sure to find a mirror which may or may not give an accurate reflection.

Pungent odors penetrate from the inner sanctum. Above all there is a silence.

A painfully quiet man leaves the office meekly with the pleasant injunction, "Come back next Monday," ringing unpleasantly in his ears, whereupon a young nurse beckons you toward the chair. That beckon always reminds you of the approach of Death, smiling deceitfully. The chair is an affair probably made by some lunatic for the express purpose of frightening small children. You climb in, and the nurse attaches you there permanently by means of a white cloth. (It's a white cloth they use to cover you when you're dead, isn't it?)

Then the Dentist appears with horrible instruments like those used in the Spanish Inquisition. You "open wide." For eternities he scrapes your teeth, trying to make cavities; then he happily announces that he has found five. He'll fill two today. Oh, joy, you shudder. Next he proceeds to blind you with lamps meant only for photographers. Piece after piece of cotton is added to your mouth's collection. Is that a bee in the vicinity of your nose? Oh, no, only the drill. It is inserted into your mouth, and the Dentist immediately proceeds to find your tooth's nerve and leave the drill burring there. All grimaces and winces avail nothing; the Dentist is ruthless. Now he prods into the hole, puts more bits of cotton in, and leaves you with your mouth wide open. He makes the filling. After you have nearly choked, he places hard cement obviously intended for sidewalks or trees into your precious tooth and packs it down hard. And adding insult to injury, he squirts your mouth full of hot air.

Now he leaves you once more, this time for a chat with his

nurse. What is she doing tonight...? Should he give Mrs. Simplehead gas next time...? How is dear Aunt Agatha...? These are but a few of the questions he asks. Naturally, long explanation or discussion is necessary for each question. They talk in low tones as if they were plotting against you; but eventually he remembers in a sudden brainstorm that you, his patient, are still seated, alive, in his chair.

"That will be all for today. Come again next Friday. Three dollars, please," he purrs. Ah, you feel that you will willingly present him with a ten-dollar check if you can get out of his clutches.

Dana Payne



DEER SPOTTING PARTY

"The woods are made for the hunters of dreams
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong."

--Sam Walter Foss

In northwestern Pennsylvania we have many deer. They stay hidden in the dense part of the forest during the daytime, but at dusk they venture out into clearings, open fields, and apple orchards for food.

In the autumn it is a popular sport to rent spotlights and drive through a forest spotting the deer that have come near the road to eat. The light changes hands often because there will be an open space to the right and then to the left. The eyes of everyone follow closely the lighted radius. The color of a deer blends so well with his background, that we do not look for the deer but for two shining, glistening spots--his eyes. When the deer are spotted, we stop and keep the light focused on them. It is a wonderful sight to see these beautiful creatures frolicking about, eating, or just standing. The light does not frighten them, but noise will.

Late last fall we planned a deer spotting party for a visiting friend. Since she could not tell whether the word was "deer" or "dear," she thought we were trying to have some fun at her expense.

The evening was clear and cool. We drove for miles enjoying the fresh air and forests and fields lighted with moonlight, but we saw no deer. It began to look as if Dot's suspicions were correct until someone spotted some deer. We backed up and turned the light on the deer. To our amazement, we saw cows! By this time Dot was sure we were just "taking her for a ride." Cows! She could see cows in Venango County without going out to spot them. After telling her that sometimes people counted over a hundred deer along the road we were taking, we must show her more than cows.

Suddenly we realized that the hunting season for small game was open, and the deer were afraid to come out even at night. Our only hope was that there would be some in the apple orchards ahead. Finally to our delight we saw two deer standing under an apple tree. For some time they stood watching the light and then continued their eating. Further down the road we saw a fawn having its supper-time frolic. He would alternate between eating and running around. Everyone wanted to get out of the car to pet the fawn, but we knew that the few yards between us would increase to many if we moved.

I have seen deer in zoos and parks, but have never then felt the thrill of seeing deer out in their natural surroundings. My thoughts always turn toward the Creator who made every living creature.

Beryl Granger



A RAINY DAY

"Welcome falls the imprisoning rain--
dear hermitage of nature."

--Emerson

For some people a rainy day is a punishment almost too severe to be borne. If they go outdoors they get wet; if they stay in the house, they get bored almost to death.

But when I was at home, a rainy day was not a curse but a blessing. I could not go outdoors very much, but there was enough room in our buildings to invent any kind of game we wanted.

Many mornings I have awakened before daylight, and hearing the rain beating on the roof over my head, I felt a great peace come over me, for I would not have to work very much that day. On rainy days we did not have to get up very early; the rain was welcome because it gave us a few extra minutes of sleep.

Usually we had enough work to do around the barn to keep us busy until nine or ten. Then we decided upon what to do first. Often it was to play tag in the barn. Now, anyone can play tag on the ground, but we never stayed on the floor of the barn. In fact, I guess if anyone had come in while the game was going well, he would have thought there were a few monkeys there, just to see us

climbing ladders and swinging on ropes. With someone close behind me, I have climbed up ladders and slid from high mows to the floor only to climb up again until one of us finally missed and the other got away.

Playing tag in this way soon tired us out, so we started a less strenuous game. Very often we turned a couple of our barns into ships being tossed about by the sea and beaten on every side by the spray and rain. My father always had plenty of rope around, so that we could make a lot of rigging to hoist over theoretical sails.

One of the first things we had to do was to climb into a high window to fix a seat, where someone could steer the ship. From this high window one had a sweeping view of the rain-swept fields and the pond close by.

The rest of us would get other places to command, for we were always the chief of our part of the ship. One of us would be the chief engineer, and the contraptions which we made to serve as our machinery were beyond imagination.

Our old ship sailed many seas, but no matter how far we were, whenever evening came and Dad called us to get the chores done again, our ship made record speed until it dropped anchor safe at home. After a rainy day we were always just as tired as if we had worked all day, but somehow getting tired the way we wanted to did not hurt so much.

When night came we were always glad to crawl between the sheets and listen to the patter of the rain. Maybe tomorrow we would have to face many battles, but tonight we were at peace under the protection of the roof sheltered from the wind and rain.

Alton Higgins



EVENING

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night."

--Longfellow

The sun has set. Now the delicate shades mingle harmoniously in the afterglow. At the western horizon a vivid orange lies unwrinkled; above this are streaks of pink and islands of deep violet. Beyond toward the east the sky gradually changes from light blue to blank darkness. All human sounds from the cottage on the hillside have ceased. The children have stopped their play, and the bustle of preparing the hearty country supper is over. Bird songs which had formerly vibrated through the air lustily are silent. The wild fowl may be seen floating quietly, serenely, in the broad expanse of lake. Almost at the zenith of the heavens cold Diana impatiently waits to drive her chariot. Suddenly, Night leaps up and claims the world for her own.

Dana Payne



CREDO

"To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules.
And each must make, ere life is blown,
A stumbling-block or a stepping stone."

--R. L. Sharpe

Once I made a rug. It was a beautiful rug--thick, warm, crocheted in bright wool. The design was not elaborate--three diamonds on a dark background--but its multi-colored, three-inch squares were so arranged that, while the color scheme attracted attention, it had the distinction of simplicity and perfect harmony restful to the eye.

This rug had not always been a rug. It was the product of a book of rules, twelve large balls of yarn, and a wooden crochet hook. Three principles of crocheting I learned from my work, three laws which make for best results. First, follow the rules. Do not elaborate on them. Do not shirk the requirements of them. Do not deviate from them--ever. Second, choose colors carefully and distribute them wisely. Because you like gentle mauve, exciting rose, dazzling white, do not over-emphasize them. The sober colors as well as the gay ones are essential to the design. Finally, retain the crochet hook. No progress can be made without it.

I believe that my life is what I make it. My "book of rules"

is the law of the Universe which I comprehend more fully each year I live. If, for example, I obey the laws of Nature, the voice of my conscience, and the teachings of the Bible, I should accomplish a substantial piece of "life-crocheting." If I wrong someone, I have "dropped a stitch," made an error. The stitch is part of the square and the square is part of the rug. Until I go back and make that wrong right, whatever constructive work I do in the "square" of my life is futile.

Besides a "book of rules," I am given "twelve balls of yarn"--time, talents, opportunities. I must use these materials to form a life. I must use them at the right time, in the right place, in the right way. If I always do what pleases me most, I can expect a disordered life. If, indiscriminately, I work into my rug only the bright colored yarns, the design is nothing but chaos.

But, after all, no matter how closely I follow my rules, no matter how delicately I choose my colors and design, I will never make a rug without a crochet hook. No matter how high my ideals, how vast my resources, I can never make a life without a will. Will is the power that sees beyond the present, that deftly ties the straggling ends of thought and experience into a single, continuous chain. Without the "crochet hook" of will, my "life-rug" will remain chaotically useless--"twelve large balls of yarn."

At the end of the allotted time--and only then--when the rug is finished, will I see the complete design. Only then will I understand why I had to use black wool when I wanted rose. My book of rules will then be complete. My crochet hook will not be wood. It will be solid gold, shining bright, ready to weave a New Life.

Louise Brown



GENERAL STORE

"A curious eye, privileged to take an account of stock."

--Hawthorne

I felt that I was in another world as I entered the general store that served the rural population of the section of Kentucky in which I was traveling. The red-haired man sitting on a salt-barrel squinted his eyes and uttered a greeting while clearing his throat. Even though it was a hot summer day, he was wearing his red flannel underwear which was very evident from the waist up, since that part of him was not covered by a shirt or other superfluous garment.

I stood there for a moment waiting for someone to offer his services, until the red-haired man asked, "You a stranger in these parts?"

When I answered in the affirmative, he continued: "Well, Joe'll be up in a minute. He went for dinner 'bout a half-hour ago. Yep, he oughta be here anytime now."

There was nothing I could do but wait, for it was at least ten miles to the next service station, and my car did not have enough gasoline with which to make it.

I took my time looking about the store, examining particularly the fine assortment of saddles in the back room. I liked to hear the leather creak as I bent and twisted it.

Noticing a door in one corner, I gave way to my curiosity by opening it. The aroma of "good old Kentucky sorghum" greeted my nostrils. My appetite was aroused to such an extent that I spent several minutes there mainly for the pleasure of smelling the sweet aroma.

I closed the door and went back into the main part of the store. A man, evidently Joe, came in and took his place behind the counter. He started to take my order when he noticed the cat purring blissfully on the counter, between the candy and the hosiery departments. He scatted the cat and was noticeably embarrassed, for he hastened to explain, "Got to have a cat to keep the mice away, but she's always gittin' in my road. Well, what'll you have, stranger? I've got anythin' from safety-pins to gasoline."

"I'll take the latter," I said; "I've no use for safety-pins, yet."

The red-haired man's guffaw naturally flattered my humorous attempt.

I followed Joe out to the pumps, leaving the muddled odors of tobacco, candy, molasses, and a hundred other items which are carried in general stores. After the tank had been filled, I paid Joe and started the engine. Waving good-bye to "Red-Beard," who was not standing in the doorway, I started down the highway, thankful for my interesting visit to a general store in Kentucky.

Ralph Blaugher



CHEMISTRY

"Like truths of Science waiting
to be caught."

--Lord Tennyson

My career is chemistry.

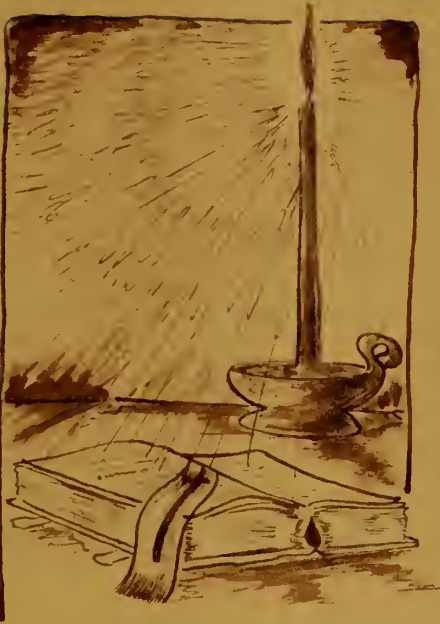
In high school I had never taken chemistry but had had a semester of physics, with just enough chemistry to find out what a fascinating subject it is, and just enough of it to make of me a disciple.

Chemistry is a very complicated subject--a subject in which there is never a pause in progress. Every day something new is happening; a new product is discovered; something else is improved. For example, because of the silk shortage, women's stockings are now made of nylon. Whenever there is a need, chemistry comes to the rescue.

Often chemicals don't conform to set regulations. One person may do a certain thing and get one result while another may do the same thing but get an entirely different result.

Thus chemistry with its mysteries and romantic aspects draws me on, all the while enfolding me to its breast and injecting into my blood a serum compelling allegiance to it and to no other.

J. C. Dixon



I BELIEVE THE BIBLE

"But the word of the Lord endureth
forever."

I Peter 1:25

In these days when "men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth," in this age of the infidel and the skeptic, it is essential for every Christian to know definitely why he believes the Bible to be the true, inspired word of God.

This is an age when men want a reason for doing things. Religion is the most reasonable thing in the world. Anyone who isn't sure he believes the Bible, but is willing to search for the truth, can find many proofs that the Bible is the true word of God. The Christian way of living is the practical way. The Christian life is the normal life. Any other is really abnormal.

I have many reasons for believing the Bible to be divinely inspired. Have you ever stopped to think what a task, what an undertaking it would be for anyone to destroy the Bible? God has been very careful to guard it well and He has it fixed into every bit of human history. Anyone who tries to destroy the Bible must collect many million copies of it, which have been printed in hundreds of languages, then circulated throughout the world. He must

go into the world's libraries, upon the shelves of which are countless books in which the Bible has been referred to and reprinted. He must destroy millions of dollars' worth of valuable paintings: such masterpieces as "The Last Supper," by Da Vinci. Next he must destroy our finest music. He must silence the songs that have been written by such masters as Bach, Handel and others. He must destroy marble and granite of rare beauty containing inscriptions of Scripture. He must silence radio broadcasting stations which are declaring its truths.

Then, has he destroyed the Bible? Definitely not, for God has provided still other ways of revealing His word. The destroyer must enter into the hearts of millions of saints who have found comfort, happiness and satisfaction in that great Book.

I believe the Bible because it cannot be destroyed. No literature, no book, has ever been attacked as the Bible has. From the first of its existence until now, it has been fought by many atheists, skeptics and infidels, but yet it remains unchanged.

Why haven't these attacks had the power to destroy the Bible? Because it is impossible to destroy God, and the Bible is His Word, which can neither be changed nor destroyed.

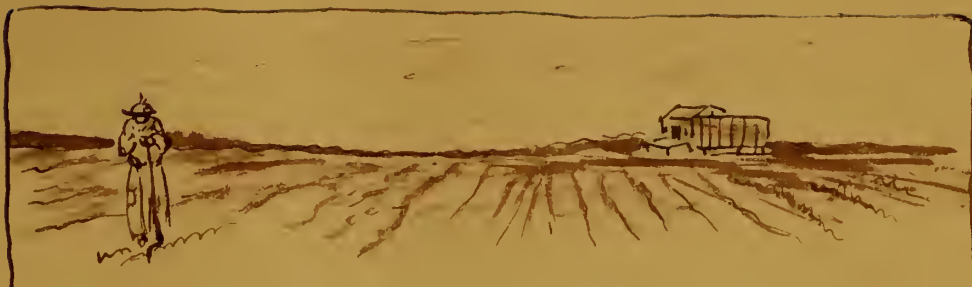
I believe the Bible is divinely inspired because it is the only book that unlocks all human mystery. Scientists fail to tell the origin of human life. What does the Bible say? "In the beginning God"--that is enough. If we would only follow the directions as laid down in the Bible, our lives would all be much happier. When we have problems to solve, burdens to bear, or even when all seems to be going along smoothly, we can derive much help by reading and rereading the wonderful lines of inspiration in the Bible. There we can find an answer to all questions, if we read and study

it carefully.

I believe the Bible because men of all ages have had to admit its divine inspiration. Gladstone said, "I've spent seventy years of my life studying that Book to satisfy my heart. It's the word of God. I bank my life on the statement that I believe this Book to be the solid rock of Holy Scripture." Grant said, "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties."

In spite of the fact that the Bible has been thrown out of many countries today, it will still live on, and on, and on. Hitler, Stalin, or no one else can take it from us and destroy it completely. "The word of God shall stand forever."

Vanetta M. Kerling



THE SHARECROPPER

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground."

--Edwin Markham

One who has never been in the South nor seen a share-cropper would say that he is one who lives on a farm and works the land for a part of the harvest, the owner furnishing the seeds, tools, and implements and the share-cropper furnishing the labor. This sort of definition is made by one who has never led the life of a share-cropper. It is a cold, impersonal definition stating none of the problems, toils, and deprivations felt by that man and his family. It gives nothing of the cruel, heartless, and pitiless practices of the absentee owner, and the toll which nature takes of the share-cropper and his family.

But my definition of this man would be different. I would describe him as one who, buffeted by all the evil traits of human nature and harnessed by all of nature's forces, is trying to eke out a mere existence from a land that is barren and desolate, deprived of all fertility by erosion and planting and replanting of the same crop year after year. But this man, even though he knows better, cannot change his crop, because if he did, he would starve.

If by some queer quirk of fate this man's crops fail he

is left without food or clothing until the next harvest, if he can hold out that long.

If the share-cropper wants a new pair of overalls, he must take a few bushels of corn and sell it to the miller, and then and only then can he buy the pair of overalls that he so badly needs. He works from dawn until dark in the fields, then goes to bed realizing that he must do the same thing tomorrow, the next day and the next, with very little hope of escape from what is virtually slavery. Yes, a share-cropper is really a slave of the land.

Then the worst comes, because his crops have failed or because he can't produce enough to suit the land owner; he learns that he must move. He goes from farm to farm trying to find somewhere, anywhere, that he can move to provide a home or rather a shelter for his family. Perhaps he will have to move into an old, dilapidated house fit only to be used as a barn, but there the man moves and starts his work anew.

If he is fortunate, very fortunate, he may receive a letter from a brother who had left that country, and had come North while he was young and unmarried. The brother promises him a job if he will come to take it. How is he going to travel six hundred miles without a cent in his pocket? Then another letter arrives, a God-send, stating that the company for which he is going to work will send him the money to come.

Finally the letter arrives with a money-order in it to cover the expenses of the trip. Selling what little he has, he hastily packs his few clothes in an old trunk and starts northward, with a sense of freedom which he has never felt before.

And this is the way, and almost the only way, that one of these men may free himself of this slavery.

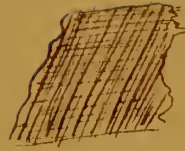
These experiences are not a product of my imagination. They actually happened to my family when I was young, but not too young to retain the impressions of this slavery.

J. C. Ripon



SPINNING
YARNS

HOMESPUN



Ed Thomas, the Cardboard Cutup, was blowing off steam as usual. He was bragging about his ruggedness to Dick Stumpf, the Mansion Heavyweight, and to Bill MacKay, the Manchester Wild Man. Desiring to show their superiority over the Cutup, these two decided to take him down a notch. But they didn't have a ghost of a chance. A skunk needed to be extricated from underneath the gymnasium. The Heavyweight and Wild Man each in turn went in after Mr. Skunk and returned almost immediately but very highly perfumed. When the Cutup went in, Mr. Skunk came out.

Astrid Park got her wires crossed one night when she preached at a Mission in Boston. She used the story about Daniel in the lion's den for a scripture, but somehow she had poor old Daniel down in there tempting Mr. Lion for thirty days.

Stradivarius didn't need to cut his hair; he carried his violin under his arm. Our sympathy goes out to Ralph Maugher; he has an awful task lugging his piano around.

When Merle Gray was high up in a certain tree on the Campus, he was singing "I need thee, O, I need thee." When he got back to the ground a few minutes later, he changed his tune to "How firm a foundation."

It's been told that in tree work Amos, Beck, Gray, and Jordan have considerable difficulty with the squirrels.

The other day Dick Beck was mowing the lawn with the power mower. He couldn't gear it down to his usual snail-pace. As a result he had to step out and move to keep from being dragged around.

Lady Esther knows none of the freshman girls such as "Butch" Olcott or Ruth Reynolds would lower themselves to take the handles from the water faucets in the third floor bathroom.

One day in one of our large universities a friend of the chemistry professor came to visit him. The friend heard the students calling the old professor Mr. Sanka, and the friend, knowing Sanka not to be the professor's name, asked the students why they called the professor by this name. One of the brilliant students replied, "Have you ever read the label on a can of Sanka Coffee?" The visitor said, "I don't know as I have." "Well," said the student, "the label says all the active ingredients are removed from the bean."

Chemical Analysis of Woman

At last a chemical analysis of woman has been found:

Symbol--WO

A member of the human family.

Occurrence--can be found wherever man exists.

Physical Properties--all colors, shapes, and sizes; surface of face seldom unprotected by a coating of paint or film of powder; always appears in disguised condition; boils at nothing and freezes at any moment; melts when properly treated; very bitter if not used correctly.

Chemical properties--extremely active; possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones of all kinds; violent reaction when alone with man; ability to absorb all kinds of expensive foods; turns green when placed next to a better appearing sample; ages very rapidly; fresh variety has great magnetic attraction; high explosive and likely to be dangerous in

SPUN ABROAD



inexperienced hands.

It has been said that--

the moon not only affects the tide, but also the untide.

you can always count on your fingers.

an army is totally destroyed when the soldiers are all in quarters

a room full of people may be said to be empty when it has not

a single person in it.

when ladies go to church they look for hymns.

the relation of a door mat to the doorstep is a step father.

A European was talking with a cannibal, who, hearing of the Great War raging then in Europe, was very curious to know how they managed to eat such great quantities of human flesh. The European said, "We do not eat our slain foes."

The cannibal looked at the man in horror, and asked, "What sort of barbarians are you, to kill without any real object?"

Two men witnessed the forced landing of an airplane offshore. A fisherman set out to rescue the pilots but soon returned without them. "They were Germans," he explained.

"But weren't they alive?" someone asked.

"Well, one of them said he was, but you know how these Nazis lie."

An Irishman, after visiting several of his favorite "pubs," was walking homeward by way of the cemetery. It was his misfortune to fall into a newly-dug grave and lie unconscious.

In a few minutes it was dawn. When the Irishman finally regained consciousness, he failed to remember where he was. The rising sun and the surrounding tombstones gave him but one impression. "Begorrah," he said, "hit's Resurrection morn 'n I'm the first guy oop!"

Two ladies on their way to a party stopped at the home of Mrs. Jones, thinking that they should all walk together. Mrs. Jones was not quite ready. She left her five-year-old daughter to entertain the ladies while she continued dressing.

One of the visitors, thinking to talk above the child's understanding, said to her friend, "She's not very p-r-e-t-t-y, is she?"

The little girl retaliated with, "No, but I'm awfully s-m-a-r-t."



We don't know what Louise Brown intends to major in, but all indications point toward her career as a Carpenter.

It seems as though Cupid fires his darts into stomachs as well as hearts. Anyway Vernon Jordan nearly starved to death while Dorothy Clark was away during spring vacation. She should have left him the wooden spoon they won for a prize Campus Day.

Our bass singer, Jack Maybury, searches no longer. At last he's found the right "Carol."

Mary French became a bit careless while she was listening to Bob Maybury toot his horn. Cupid was on the job and fired a whole volley of darts at them. Now Mary gets a toot from Bob's horn that no one else can.

It isn't hard to guess what kind of a Payne has given Bob Sawyer heart trouble.

Bob Emmel must be discouraged. News has gone around that he is corresponding with some "mail order company"....Girls, are you going to let him get away with that?

Wouldn't there be a stir at E.N.C. if all the young ladies took as much interest in "Church" as Cassandra Swinhoe does?

Edith Zimmerman has our best wishes. May she keep forever "Young."

Yours truly, Grandpappy Amos, the E.N.C. plumber, has been accused of going to the kitchen pretty often to see about a "Fawcett." It's a false-hood and I don't wear a wig either. And furthermore I don't want my beard clipped. No sir-ee!



FIRE-SIDE
FABLES

On to the Dugout

Struggling with a complicated piece of French translation, I feel a momentary premonition of danger and a well-aimed pillow topples me neatly on the bed. The pillow is my roommate's method of reminding me that it is ten o'clock and time to go to the Dugout. Away with French, away with history, away with rhetoric. We powder our noses, comb our hair, snatch as much money as we can afford, and clatter down the stairs. We find the yard full of couples enveloped in moonlight and sweet silence, and the Dugout full of merry-makers enveloped in sweet smells and racket. Being comparatively prosperous, we enjoy hot dogs and soft drinks with our friends, and at ten-thirty return reluctantly "dorm-ward", but not without a generous supply of brownies to flavor the evening.

Louise Brown

Instant Impressions

Time is slowly falling snow which disappears soon after reaching the ground, never to be recalled.

He was as gay and light-hearted as a pink balloon at a carnival.

The course of a broken field-runner in a football game--three dots and a dash for victory.

A string of large, cheap, brightly colored beads reminds one of a woman with a shrill voice who talks too much and laughs too loudly.

Our characters are like the shiny surface of a new car. They are likely to lose their radiance if we do not keep them well polished.

The leaves of a poplar tree by moonlight are like silver spears.

The musty smell of an old cellar or closed room--limburger cheese in the making.

Grapevine News

D. N. C. has one official organ for spreading news about student life on campus. This bi-weekly paper gives each student a general idea of what is really happening on campus and also provides experience in journalism for some students. We also have another news organ on campus what is getting out editions twenty-four hours a day.

It is sometimes referred to as the "grapevine" or "student gossip". There are sections of it that can be definitely traced to people, who might be called columnists or special feature writers. Some of these self-appointed members of the editorial staff specialize in reporting only a certain type

of news. One example is the fellow or girl who hides behind a tree or bench to see some fellow walk past with a girl. Just one look and he is off double pace to spread the sensational news. It is well known that one cannot do much here without everyone's knowing what he does almost before he does it.

The "grapevine" system is most efficient. It never fails to get the news "on the air" first before any other agency can spread it. The "Grapeviners" always have the "scoop".

Alton Higgins

Assignment Monday

It's time for your assignment,

I must hurry to get through;

Take down everything I tell you

And you'll know just what to do.

Please give me your whole attention;

Get everything I tell you straight,

It's for your rhetoric lesson Monday,

And I won't accept it late.

Read from some daily paper

(I prefer the Boston Globe)

A recent, lengthy editorial.

Then into its contents probe.

Give the name and date of paper,

And for once please try to think;

Give the title, your reaction;

write this lesson out in ink.

Now open up your Nelson Reader,

Turn to page one-seventy-seven;

For with precision we must study

this essay of definition.

Note the author's personal method--

Generalized or is it not--

Comparison, analogy, example,

Concrete detail, contrast, or what?

Then on pages two-hundred- seventy,

And two-hundred-forty-nine,

Are some essays of opinion;

We must give to them some time.

Read through these essays carefully,

And be prepared in class

To answer any questions

That I may choose to ask.

Did some one make a comment?

Is that all for you?

I admit I'm getting easy,

But there's a little more to do.

In your Modern Composition

On page two-hundred twenty-five,

Just answer the list of questions

In the fifty-ninth exercise.

All the questions will be oral,

But number four is the exception;

Write it out and be specific;

Elaborate upon this question.

Now so far as I remember,

That it all for you today;

But I will not accept late papers;

Get this done without delay.

Harvey Amos

E. N. C. Library

At eight-thirty one Tuesday evening, I sat in the library, a pile of books on the table beside me. Pen in hand, I was trying, not too successfully, to ignore the fact that Dale Powell was aiming a wad of paper at Freddie Haynes' head, and that the librarian didn't see him because she was handing a dismissal slip to Alice George. I opened my Modern Composition to page 390 and read the chapter heading, "Description". Someone opened the door, whereupon Scottie's horse-laugh resounded as the inevitable reaction to a strong stimulus.

After a little while, Dick Hawk left the library, carefully locking the door. I waited to see who would be the first to rattle the locked door and summon the distracted librarian. It was Don Brickley. He entered, grinning, and took his place with Powell, Haynes, and Co. A game of footie ensued. In a far corner George Delp bent over a Greek New Testament. I could hardly see him because of a huge, huge book at his elbow. My eyes dropped to my work, and I finished the assignment.

Louise Brown

At the Stroke of Twelve

What girl has not during her teens read numerous books concerning the delights of boarding school or college life? Among these activities the midnight spread is a favorite, but not until a girl has attended college can she appreciate the luxury of such a feast. Those unaccustomed to strict adherence to three meals a day can really enjoy glasses of steaming hot chocolate, prepared over canned heat; thinly sliced tomatoes on tender bread thickly spread with fresh butter; crisp, salty crackers heavily smeared with strawberry jam, tangy cheese, or honey; munchy raisin cookies; pickles, olives, and all other delectable tidbits. Her spirits are undampened by the fact that there are no plates and that everyone shares a communal knife and spoon, for all realize that this opportunity comes all too infrequently.

Finally, to sink into bed exhaustedly after the orgy with that deliciously uncomfortable feeling is little short of sheer ecstasy.

Dana Payne

By Moonlight

It was a pale, yellow orb, hardly distinguishable through the lacy network of shadowy trees. But gradually it rose in the dusk, and appeared above the treetops.

The earth was bathed in pure gold. A cricket chirped; a dog invaded the quietness by a sudden growl; and a gentle breeze stirred the trees with a rhythmic rustle.

Lights flickered here and there in the distance, but the scene was unchanged. The trees took on a peculiar glow; the bushes became patches of pale darkness casting shadows upon the moonlit earth.

This was the campus by moonlight.

Mary French

Pray, Don!

Clatter! Splash! Bang!

"Come on, Chirtie, on the ball. We're in a hurry tonight." It was Chirtie's turn to wash dishes on Friday evening, and she needed no admonition that Friday night was rush night. Knocking a handful of soap powder from the pitcher into her

pan, she turned on the hot water which rushed humming over the soap, splashing everyone within a radius of five feet. Dishes slid noisily into the pan and work was under way. The dining room door creaked open from time to time, admitting a murmur of table talk and a waiter whistling, or Mingledorff looking laughingly superior.

"Tray, Don," called the rinser, and Don Freese, singing "Happy Day," carried the full tray to the cup-clicking dish driers. Roland Stanford, musically complaining that somebody else had taken his place, produced a variety of squeaks and groans by consecutively untying five or six apron strings. "Jenkie" dropped a tray. The silver was hot and easy to dry. Teaspoons tinkled rapidly into the drawer. A waiter's tray, heavy with glasses, slid squeaking over the shelf. One more saucer clattered into place with its fellows.

"Tray, Don."

Louise Brown

Night in Harlem

Dusk settled on Harlem bringing with it the noisy clamor of brass bands, the high whine of the soloist, and the rhythmic shuffle of feet. Unlike the quiet of country dark, Harlem became noisy, noisy indeed, with a jangling, nerve-wracking noisiness that only Harlem could produce. Even the color of the usual Negro dress, the gaudiness of the decorations, the general atmosphere of tarnished, negroid glamor seemed to cry out with a discordant sound. I was glad when our bus passed out of the city and the suburban lights twinkled through a quiet, friendly dark.

Astrid Park

Inspiration

I listened to the radio, but alas, it was not there. I turned to my bookcase, expecting it to be there, but again I was disappointed. Listlessly I walked the floor, searching the innermost parts of my mind for it -- and then I found it. It was a Rhetoric theme!

Mary French

Mrs. Doakes was the die-hard isolationist leader of the neighborhood sewing circle. She had the attitude that it didn't make any great difference to us what happened in far-away places like Manila and Batavia and said that anyone could get along without a thought of the lands beyond the Pacific. To prove her point, she began to go through a whole day without using products from that vague part of the world. She had to shed her silk stockings. She couldn't take a shampoo because there was quinine in the hair tonic. She couldn't take a shower because there was tung oil from China in the bath curtain. She couldn't have a cup of tea or a cup of cocoa. She couldn't have tapioca or rice pudding. She couldn't use black pepper, white pepper, cloves, or nutmeg. She couldn't even take the canned food from the shelf because it was wrapped in tin. By this time Mrs. Doakes was exhausted. She screamed and yelled threats at the Japanese and the Nazis. She rolled on the floor, laughing, moaning, and mumbling: "We'll show 'em! We'll show 'em! The dirty little----!"

Elizabeth Ennis

"Do I Have to Get Up?"

Brinnnnng! 6:30 A.M. Bill grunts and digs deeper into the bed clothes. Slowly one by one the inmates of the Cardboard stagger into the bathroom to wash and shave, but Bill ignores it all. Of course, he is really awake, but he's just trying to persuade himself that he's not awake yet. Just a few more winks and he'll be up.

Then Don's strident voice is heard telling all the world that "It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in your bed." At the same time Ed's tenor is letting everyone know that "T'is love and love alone that can repay," but Bill just bores deeper into his pillow to shut out that awful sound.

What was that? Some one yells, "First bell!"

Bill jumps once and lands in the middle of his room. Snatching his shaving kit and towel he dives into the bathroom. A swish, a scrape, a slap and he's back. A shove, a pull, and a tug. On go shoes, trousers, and sweatshirt. Three strokes with the comb and Bill jumps down the stairs three at a time.

He made it.

Vernon Jordon

YE OLDE TOWNE DIRECTORIE

OFFICIALS

Judge.....	James King
Squire.....	Jack Maybury
Parson.....	Robert Coghill
Butcher.....	Bill MacKay
Lamplighter.....	J. C. Dixon
Blacksmith.....	Harvey Ames
Auctioneer.....	Bob Emmel
Constable.....	Elmer Kauffman
Wit.....	Alton Higgins
Grocer.....	Carl Harr
Sexton and Grave-digger.....	Bill Bartlett
School Marm.....	Dana Payne
Nursemaid.....	Lucille Schuler
Town crier.....	Bob Sawyer
Dog Catcher.....	Richard Beck
Stagecoach Driver.....	Leonard Harding
Choir Master.....	Robert Flaughner
Orator.....	Wesley Blachly

CELEBRITIES

Patrick Henry.....	Eddie Dell
Dame Van Winkle.....	Lenore Mallory
Rip Van Winkle.....	Ralph Cushing
Martha Washington.....	Norma Mac Edward

Katrinka.....Kathleen White
 Natty Bumppo.....Bill Lutton
 Benjamin Franklin.....Norman Jordan
 Beau Brummel.....Allan Hedberg
 Priscilla.....Dorothy Clark
 John Alden.....Vernon Jordan
 Phoebe.....Alice George
 Hepzibah.....Maud Cochran
 Mother Goose.....Cassandra Swinhee
 Anne Bradstreet.....Louise Brown
 Pocahontas.....Betty Chatto
 Molly Pitcher.....Wanda Sutherin
 Abigail Adams.....Dorothy Bryner
 Betsy Ross.....Mary French
 Last of the Mohicans.....Dick Lewis
 Deerslayer.....Dick Stumpf
 Pathfinder.....Harold Jones
 Paul Bunyon.....Ed Thomas
 Daniel Boone.....Merle Grey
 Sky Pilot.....Everett Wild

DAMES

Belle.....Ruth Bingler	Tomboy.....Butch Olcott
Old Maid.....Astrid Park	Chaperone...Ruth Mac Donald
Faith.....Vanetta Kerling	Hope.....Betty Ennis
Charity.....Irene Willwerth	Constance.....Beryl Granger
Prudence.....Ruth Leete	Patience.....Marie Austen
Temperance.....Viola Doverspike	



FAMILY
ALBUM



PROF. SPANGENBERG



RHETORIC A.



RHETORIC B.



RUSH DAY



RUSH DAY



CAMPUS IN WINTER





CAMPUS DAY



As The Pioneers of yesterday



Traveled by covered wagon

The Pioneers of Today
Travel by Greyhound.



Your Campus Agent
Bill Restruck.



WINTER NIGHT

CAMPUS SCENES



CAMPUS SCENE

